

Black Butterfly

A Book of Poems

Black Poetry



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Disclaimer

This book contains raw imagery and language.

Intro

This collection of poems is tangibly raw describing the voices of Black women whose souls were beautiful, yet broken in spirit. Their songs--filled with pain--have been passed down through the generations into the hearts, bodies, and minds of their daughters.

I Am Strong.

There is beauty in my blackness

There is blackness in my beauty

There is cocoa in my skin

There is beauty in my kin

I carry the weight of a thousand pounds
My rage is louder than a thousand sounds
My beautiful lips stay silent by day
My strength is a storm hidden away
My spirit is broken by my soul is alive
There is beauty in my blackness
I am a Black Butterfly.

Give me my freedom

Give me my dignity

Give me my sanity

Give me my beauty

My Black Hair Is Beautiful.

My hair pattern buzzes like a bee
But I don't need your sympathy
I'm beautiful because I'm me

My hair is long

My hair is short

My hair not what you see

My hair is everything

My hair is the definition of creativity

Thick and coily

Curly and nappy

Never oily

They call my hair nappy
They think it's an insult
But my hair is beautiful
Long then short
It's so versatile

The ends of my hair

Break

Like my brittle bones

Our souls are nourished only through song

While my back breaks each day before dawn

My Heritage Was Deleted.

Torn from my family
Ripped into pieces
Shipped off to nowhere
Enraptured in calamity

They believe that they own us
They believe we aren't human
They believe they are above us
They believe we are nothing

The beat of my chest
Roars as we build your land as guests
My freedom is gone
While you force in me one of your own

Take everything from me
Leave nothing left
Rob me of my freedom
And you feel no regret

Break my back

While the skin on lips crack

Tears come down my face

While you continue to rape my race

I was only a girl
For a little of time
I was only a girl
Til I was sold for less than a dime

Rape.

I'm lucky I can see the sky

I'm lucky I've never felt his hand on my thigh

A stream of red
Runs down my dress
The kiss of nature
I greet with distress

I felt ripped open

The first time I bled

I cried in agony

As I watched the steady rhythm of his head

I was made to never like dresses
Because he always bothered me about it
I was made to never like dresses
Because of what I fear is desired beneath it
I was made to never like dresses
To match my beautiful curly tresses
I was made to never like dresses
Because you're never safe in them
I was made to never like dresses
Because of how weak it made me feel
I was made to never like dresses
They were.

In our black thick lips
We create ambiguous flowers
In our black thick lips
You shove your White Power

My thick thighs are nothing but different
My beautiful soul has a unique scent
My blackness is attractive
You like my tint
You want a taste
So I lay still like cement

I lay there and take it
While you fill me with hate
All he does is take, take, take

The gold between my thighs
Fuels the hatred behind his eyes
His body I lay under
As he beats against his plunder

I fight and scramble
I reach for the edge
He pulls up my dress
And grabs me by the head

I stay in the house

If I let him have it

I'm still a slave

But it's better than out there

I see things
Cause I stay in the house
I stay quiet though
As quiet as a mouse

I'm not to be found
If I don't make a sound
Maybe he'll forget
That I'm even around

Through time

I've been taught to be worthless

I'm used to it now

I'm not priceless

I've never loved

I've never been loved

I've only be raped

I've only been sold

Always with dehumanizing debate

I was taught to mute
The song of my soul
I was taught to accept mistreatment
Between my loins
I was taught that I'm nothing
But a thing
I was taught to not want
Anything

Take off your shirt

Rip off my skirt

I feed your livestock

You feed me your cock

It happens all the time
Til I'm too old
Worth less than nothing
It happened all the time
I forgot it was happening

Make something pink

Nothing I can keep

Make another thing

Something else taken from me

Don't take my pink flower

The only thing good

Don't take my pink flower

You treacherous coward

Don't take my pink flower

You took the last one

Don't take my pink flower

Please let me hold my son

Weary.

These curves hold my pain

These second set of lips hold my shame

These hands of mine are tired

The fire in my soul grows dire

Pain is normal
I'm used to it
A life without pain
Is a foreign concept

Mothers & Daughters.

I feel the scars beneath my back
I fight the tears, I stay in tack
I learn to be silent, as I teach to her
Which is why she never cries out
When her pain is too much to bear

I learn to forget
Just like my mother
She learned to forget
Just like her mother

My daughters learned
To accept anything
That's how you survive
You become nothing

I've been taught
That I'm not to provide
I've been taught
To depend on a no-good man
I've been taught
To be fine with getting beaten
I've been taught
To never speak out
I've been taught
To ignore the cries of my sisters

I'm nothing more than a maim and a mute
My eyes and limbs are only ever put to use
Everything has been taken from me
I'm an empty soul, barely walking
I'm beaten and raped and tossed aside
I'm forced to do things
I yearn to die
My thighs are thick for his fields and eyes
What's between my legs was never mine

It's best to be silent
When things aren't right
We learn to be quiet
That's how we fight

I'm always drowning
In this sea
I'm always drowning
Because I'll never be free

My earth shatters
Beneath my chest
My soul cries out
It's bleeding to death

What have I done
To deserve this pain
What have I done
I'm going insane
I don't want to feel
Make me numb
I'm having dark thoughts
I might just succumb

Who am I

I'll never know

I'm worked and worked

I'm kept unknown

I've learned to accept

What's given

Don't ask for more

If I deserved more

I would get more

I weep

Because I'm tired of all this shit

I weep

Because I don't know if it will ever end

I never discovered

My many gifts

I never discovered

The beauty in my blackness